

6-24-1871

Letter From Paulding

J. G. Deupree

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Recommended Citation

Deupree, J. G., "Letter From Paulding" (1871). *Clippings*. 36.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/civ_clip/36

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LETTER FROM PAULDING.

*The Thespian Club—How they do it—
Its Object—No use in Talking—
Why Citizen Overlooked it—Per-
haps in Love—Politics—Crops.*

PAULDING, MISS., June 24, '71

Editors Gazette:

Judging the future by the past, we believe you will give through your widely circulated columns, publicity to this brief epistle.

There is an organization here, that will compare favorably with any similar one within the limits of the State. Without further circumlocution, be it known we allude to the

PAULDING THESPIAN CLUB.

This Club was organized, when the feathered warblers of the grove first began to carol their native songs in the early Spring. It is composed of amateurs, male and female, the best talent in our town. They gave the first entertainment in April, the second in May and the third on the evening of June 15th. On each occasion the Hall was crowded to overflowing.

Thunder and lightning, hail-storms and tempests, howling blasts and mighty floods, could not deter the rural inhabitants from flocking en masse to witness the exhibition.

HOW THEY DO IT.

They perform very much, as it is done in Mobile, Baltimore, New Orleans, New York, and elsewhere.—Messrs. Editors, if you could have seen "All's well that Ends Well," "Inspector," "The Young Amazon," "The Toodles Family," and other celebrated dramas rendered here, you would have said at once that the performance would be creditable to more experienced, even to professional tragedians and comedians.—The celebrated characters of Stumpfitz, Mr. and Mrs. Toodles, Young Amazon, and others were played in the most felicitous style. The audience was by turns melted to tears and convulsed with laughter, as the pathetic or ludicrous element predominated in the play. Mr. B. and others were in positive danger of explosion, from the extreme excitability of their risibles and the great accumulation of laughing-gas, as the performance progressed. Every actress received the highest encomiums.—The whole club were cheered vociferously. There is

NO USE A TALKING.

The club is destined to achieve a grand success. It has encountered opposition, but by prudent management has overcome it, effectually.—

The prejudice long cherished against such entertainments, vanish, like mists before the rising sun. The

club wins its way to popular favor and everlasting fame. This need not surprise us, however, especially when we contemplate

ITS OBJECT.

The purpose in view is to raise money to enclose the Paulding Cemetery. All have a present or prospective interest in this secluded spot. Our relatives are there interred, and ere long ourselves shall rest beside them in our final homes. It is a sad duty we owe the dear departed, to protect and adorn their last resting place. The Club will continue its entertainments in the autumn and winter, until it shall realize funds sufficient for its laudable aims. It is difficult to conceive of a reason

WHY "CITIZEN" OVERLOOKED IT.

Perhaps, he was so enraptured with the exhibition of the school girls, as to be rendered utterly oblivious of sublimity objects. To one of his vivid imagination, the girls really seemed a bevy of angels, fresh from the portals of Paradise, the rose of Heaven blooming upon their cheeks, and the nectar of the gods flowing from their lips. So then, "citizen" is excusable, and free of all vituperation. It is whispered in social circles, that "Citizen" is

IN LOVE,

But this is strictly *inter nos*, and must not be divulged. It is intimated that he is divided in his affections. Be that as it may, his passion is evidently deep seated. He is moved to the inmost recesses of his heart. He deserves and receives the pity of all his friends. Even the girls, the innocent cause of all his lugubrious sighs, commiserate his condition. Our heart-felt wish is, that he may survive, and in after years tell his plaintive story to listening youths.

POLITICS.

There is no excitement in the political sky of Paulding. The faint mutterings of the fall elections are scarcely audible. Conservatives will await the nominations of the party. By the way, there are some candidates, but they announce themselves, subject to the will of the Convention. The Rads are demoralized. They sniff the battle from afar. They tremble in their boots. Defeat inevitable stares them in the face. Hurrah for the Democracy!